

HOME READING.

Betty Leeds.

As she was sliding bright
 down the hill, she saw
 a pair of eyes looking up
 at her from the shadows
 of the trees.

She was piping shrill
 as she ran, and her
 feet were as light as
 feathers.

She was a lively lad
 and her eyes were
 as blue as the sky.

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manufacture of shingles, nails, gas, barbed wire fences, etc.; also machinery of almost every conceivable kind. Morse's cotton compress attracts much attention. It has a pressing power of 2,500 tons, 1,400 pounds to the square inch; a bale of cotton weighing 500 pounds can be pressed into: one-third its original size, and 100 bales can be pressed in one hour. There is an endless amount of all kinds of manufactured goods that tire one to look at. Considerable space is occupied by storekeepers of this city and other places as an advertisement. The gallery in this building is occupied with exhibits of furniture, carriages, harness, wagons, sewing-machines, trunks, etc. The "Jerusalem man," with his trunks, made from "wood from Jerusalem," is to be found in at least a dozen places in the main building, and he can be found in most of the others where one can pick up small articles at large prices, supposed to be from the Holy Land.

We will now bid good-bye to the main and turn our steps to the Government building; on the way, we pass the exhibit of life saving apparatus; every day, at 2 o'clock, a crew from one of the life saving stations give an exhibition on a small pond of the working of this valuable branch of the Government service, including a torpedo explosion in the lake. In the Government building on the ground floor all the States and Territories are represented. While the exhibits of the Eastern and Middle States are very good, those of most of the Southern and Western are larger and more complete. I shall not undertake to describe all of the different exhibits, but will mention some that were especially attractive.

Minnesota exhibits a fine model of the "Falls of Minnehaha," which is said to be true to nature. Indians, in birch bark canoes, with dog-sledges, walking on snowshoes, or rather, to represent snow, granite and Gabbro rock. Obelisk made of different kinds of building stones. A large variety of flour, sugar and syrup. A pair of Albino deer; a cabinet of fish, showing the native fish; real fish skins, stuffed so as to show the genuine fish. Iron and copper ore.

Dakota's display is very attractive. A mound covered with rocks, petrified woods, animals, etc., is intended to represent the territory as it was found by the white settlers. A large moose and white buffalo, a pair of American Antelopes with black horns, Rocky Mountain sheep and buffalo, wolf, or loafer, as he is called, a prairie wolf or coyote. A beautiful display of mounted animals, heads, and mirrors ornamented with horns. A cabin with Indian relics, and remarkable petrifications, among others the head of a buffalo. Jasper granite, which is used for building purposes; round stones, resembling cannon balls, which occasion the name Cannon Ball River. An immense column of grain, native grasses six feet high; cereals of all kinds. A woman made of grain, the work of some ladies; also a small locomotive, also the work of ladies. A large structure made entirely of wheat.

New Mexico has a novel and attractive exhibit. A cave, so made as to represent stalactites, precious minerals, copper ore, mining baskets and tubs; these latter used in silver mining by the Aztecs. Bullion and ore of gold, silver and copper. Rags of silver, silver ore, and silver dust, especially of this Exposition. Minerals, coal, coke, petrified timber. A large pyramid of all kinds of agricultural productions. Corn 15 feet high, with seven ears on one stalk; soap plant, which is used for laundry purposes, wild hops, Mexican beans, from which the famous Mexican cake is made; samples of 62 kinds of grapes and millet, sweet potatoes, some weighing 18 pounds. Blankets made by the Indians; sheep and goat skins tanned by the Indians. Cases of ore, some of the specimens assaying \$20,000 for gold per ton; Mexican adobe brick, fire proof stone and marble. A large variety of minerals.

Colorado's exhibit is very extensive. The State Agricultural College send wheat from Palestine, barley and rye from every nation in the world, Chinese oats that are hollow, and native grasses. A model, showing a silver mine, its shafts, chambers, pumping works, and miners at work. A miner's cabin, built of mineral ore, containing an extensive variety of ores from all parts of the State. An obelisk, the base eight feet square and five feet high, represents in size, the quantity of silver valued at \$5,000,000, the product of one county, Gilpin, from 1859 to 1895; the pyramid, 5 feet square at base, 10 feet high, 2 feet square at top, valued at \$45,000,000, represents in size the quantity of gold, the product of the same county and mined in the same time. A model of Rocky Mountain scenery, showing the Royal Gorge and Grand Canon of the Arkansas River, whose walls are 3,000 feet high. In the distance are seen the Snow Range peak and the Mount of the Holy Cross. Also Pike's Peak and a signal station 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. A reservoir, showing different methods of irrigation. Specimens of silver bullion; ore from Spain mine, which last year produced \$2,000,000 worth. California displays a section of the first big tree discovered, cut 100 feet in diameter; bark from the same tree, 39 inches thick. Section of red wood tree; samples of honey, among which was the white sage, made from the white sage brush, ostrich eggs, beet weighing 81 lbs., sweet potato weighing 39 lbs., grasses, grasses, lemon tree in bearing, squash weighing 222 lbs., specimen of the Yucca Draconis tree, used for making fibrous material, vegetables, grains, harvest wheat, chas, threshes and sacks 40 acres of wheat a day, an immense grape vine, polished and red woods. One firm exhibits 640 different samples of grain seed. Palm leaf stripped and made up into hats, etc., cotton, grain, nuts, canned fruits, gold, silver and copper ores, a private mineral cabinet valued at \$10,000.

Louisiana has a large and varied exhibit. Fruits and flowers, both in their natural growth and wax representations, okra plant, of which gumbo is made, and used for cooking, wild persimmon, of which beer is made, fruit dipped in resin, a new method of preservation, two kinds of silk cocoons, the which shows the worms were fed on osage leaves, the yellow, they were fed on mulberry leaves; raw silk, jute, bearded rice, cotton in all forms, raw and manufactured; obelisk of sugar; an immense cotton plant as it appears in the field in November; sugars, molasses, sugar-

cane; obelisk of rice; The aged couple and their pets, made entirely of cotton, wild cane, 30 feet high, native woods, 145 varieties; native nuts; column of rock salt, an inexhaustible supply is found in New Iberia Parish; alligator, 14 feet long; ores, minerals, barrel of petrified pork taken from the river; samples of sulphur, from a mine where the bed is 112 feet thick; a very extensive collection of stuffed birds, many with brilliant plumages.

North Carolina displays gold, silver, copper, tin and iron ores; mica manganese; an immense column of phosphates used as fertilizers; collection of the hidden gems and diamonds found only in Alexander County; a pagoda made of all the different kinds of grain the State produces; botanical and forestry collection, showing the long leaf pine, tar, turpentine and pitch industry; a variety of fish, among which are the sheep head, porcupine, sail fish, whose fins or sails can be shut down at will and can kill a shark or whale; common black bass, weighing 50 pounds; butterfly trout; great variety of tobacco.

The Government Exhibit is very extensive. All the departments are well represented and too much cannot be said in praise of those who are instrumental in getting it up. I will only mention two of the departments: 1st. The Navy, which shows the relics of the Greely Relief Expedition, consisting of clothing used in the Arctic regions, dog sled, whale boats, snow sledges, Esquimaux boat and man in it; figure of an Esquimaux, sleeping bags, tents, fur suit, etc.; 2nd. The Light House Board exhibit models of Spectacle Reef, Lake Haron Light house and the coffee dam used in building it; Minot's Ledge Light-house, and of Fourcy Rocks, Fla.; lightship on Delaware Bay; also of bell and whistling buoys used to guide the mariner. Sample of all the lenses used in the light-houses, some of which are very expensive, costing several thousands of dollars.

If I were to leave the Government building without describing the exhibit of our own State, I fear Jerseymen would rise up in rebellion. New Jersey need not be ashamed of her display as compared with other Eastern States. One very noticeable thing is a picture of the President, bearing the following inscription: "One of New Jersey's best productions." A silver vase, presented by Yorktown Centennial Association to the battalion which during the campaign of the celebration of the battle of Yorktown, Va., December 19th, 1881, presented the best military appearance, and awarded by a commission of officers of the regular army of the United States, selected by Major-General Hancock, to the New Jersey Battalion, Colonel and Brigadier-General E. Burd Grubb, commanding. Muskets and other relics of the war of 1776. Minerals, ores, stones, woods, clay, chemicals, iron, glassware, pottery. Her products, corn, beans, wheat, oats, nuts, grapes, cranberries, pears, potatoes, pumpkins, paper, silk, rubber, woolen and celluloid goods. These, with a variety of other articles very fairly represent our State.

In the gallery are to be found the educational exhibits of the States and Territories; also of foreign countries. The colored people's department; nearly every State is represented and the display is very creditable. The Women's Association Department, whose object is to illustrate the educational, artistic, industrial and inventive work of women. The Women's National Temperance Union is deserving of more than a passing notice. They have a booth handsomely fitted up with banners and shields, some of which are very beautiful; these are from the different States and Territories. A large easel from New Jersey with a deer's head at the top, sheaf of wheat in the center, in the two lower corners horns filled with fruit, attracts much attention. New Jersey also sends a banner made of white silk, flowers in center, and worked in gold the following: "W. C. T. U., State and County Fair, N. J." The prisoners of the penitentiary at Rush, Texas, sent them a chest of drawers made of wood, inlaid; it required 5,000 pieces to make it. In the drawers were miniature tools of different kinds. They also sent a looking glass mounted in a horseshoe frame carved; also a toy chain. These noble Christian women have done one thing that entitles them to the gratitude of thousands of thirsty visitors to the Exposition. They furnish ice water free of charge and this is the only place in the great exhibition where it can be so obtained. They have five large coolers also Col. Bain's old brown whiskey jug turned upside down and a faucet put in and turned into a cooler, all kept full of ice water. On the brown jug is the inscription "Col. Bain's Brown Jug; the way of the world he turned upside down."

Take the Exposition in its entirety it is a very creditable one and well worth a visit. It will be of great value to the South, and many who come here will be astonished at the manufacturers and productions of the South. The attendance at present is small, not averaging over six to eight thousand per day. It is quite probable it will be closed about the 1st of May. Farewell.

YOUR TRAVELER.

Brought to Light.

CHAPTER I.

My name is not Norval, nor have I ever in any way been associated with the Grampian hills—but my name is Oscar Hockersmith. You will at once perceive there is nothing in such a name, but if any man has ever passed through an experience similar to the one which I am going to relate, he would do me a great kindness by once communicating with me.

One day I arrived at Cremore, a little town on the upper Arkansas river. After taking breakfast at a hotel, the proprietor of the house came to me and said that as I had no baggage, I would be compelled to pay in advance. "Baggage, indeed!" I exclaimed. "Have my trunk sent up, if you please."

"Then it has not arrived. It will soon be here for I am sure it arrived, having seen it delivered to a wagoner at the depot. I have no money with me. I hope that you appreciate my situation, sir."

He doubtfully shook his head and walked away. This annoyed me a little and I wondered if the fellow who had taken my trunk had run away with it. I had no check, and I knew that I might have trouble in recovering my property. Just as I turned to go out, an old gentleman whom I had not noticed, threw up his hand and exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, sir, I did not know that my son Norval was dead. I would think in you he had returned. He was killed in the army."

He regarded me closely, and in a quiet tone continued:

"I have never before seen such a resemblance. Same eyes, nose, mouth—every thing. Will you please do an old man a favor?"

I replied that I would favor him in any possible way.

"Then come with me to my house. I want my wife to see you."

I told him of the perplexing situation in which I was placed.

"Here, Mr. Bunch," he exclaimed, calling the proprietor. "Look at this man. Doesn't he look exactly like my son Norval?"

"Exactly, only he is much older."

"Yes, but you must remember that it is more than twenty years since Norval went into the army. Poor boy," turning to me, "Poor boy, he was killed at Antietam. I want you to go home with me. I will stand good for your bill."

"I feel under many obligations to you, old gentleman, for I am really in an embarrassing position. I fear that fellow has stolen my trunk, but if you will go with me to the town office, I will afterwards go with you."

He agreed and we called upon the town marshal, who, after listening to my statement, looked at me suspiciously and said:

"You didn't come on the train?"

"But, sir, a tall negro who walked with a limp, and who, if I remember correctly, had an impediment in his speech. The trunk—and I would know it among a thousand—is a large one, covered with black leather."

"Look here," said the officer, "you came up on a boat, for I saw you when you got off; besides, you could not have come by rail, for as there are several washouts above and below here, there has not been a train in for two days."

This statement was insulting, yet I struggled to conceal my resentment. Officials, in small towns, are generally narrow-minded, dogmatic men, and I cared not to dispute him further than to reaffirm that I came in on the morning train. Then turning to the old gentleman, whose name I had learned was Metford, I announced my readiness to accompany him. He had been so absorbed in the contemplation of the resemblance between his son and myself that he had paid but little attention to the disparity of state merits concerning the manner of my arrival.

Metford lived in an attractive old place, not far from the river. When we entered the gate, a woman came out on the gallery and in a moment, after seeing me, clasped her hands and leaned against a post. As we approached, she uttered a shriek and sprang toward me.

"Come, Mary, don't give way to your feelings. This—you have not told me your name, sir. Ah, yes, when I had told him, 'this is Mr. Oscar Hockersmith.' I wanted you to see him on account of the perfect likeness he bears to Norval. Come in, sir."

He continued, leading the way. We entered a comfortably furnished room. The old lady could not keep her eyes off me.

"Poor Norval," she repeated over and over again. "Poor child. Oh, sir, are you indeed he?"

"Be quiet, Mary," said the old gentleman. "Don't become excited. Let us make it pleasant for Mr. Hockersmith, and perhaps he will remain several days with us. Tell us something about yourself, Mr. Hockersmith?"

"I was born in Richmond, Va.," I replied, "and my parents died when I was quite young. I went into the army and was wounded by a piece of shell at Shiloh. After the war I went home, but found that the uncle with whom I had lived, was reduced almost to a penniless condition. He died not long survive and there being nothing in Richmond to particularly bind me to the place, I wandered away and never returned. I have come to this State to look after the land interest of a corporation, and so soon as my business is completed, I shall go back to St. Louis."

"Until then," said Mrs. Metford, "you must remain at our house. Although I know that you are not our son, yet to see you here revives and illustrates a memory that is so dear—Here the poor woman completely broke down."

"Mary," said the old gentleman, approaching her and stroking her hair, "don't give away to your feelings. I would not have urged him to come, but I knew that if I did not, he would never have returned. He is a wonderful likeness, would never forgive me. Don't give away, now."

"She became calm, but every time she looked at me, I could see her lips quiver. 'What a pity that I am not your son,' she murmured. 'Any man, aside from natural affection, would feel proud of such a mother.' I thought of the dead son, and of what a splendid home his death had made cheerless, and I almost wished that I had told the old couple that I was really their Norval, whose death was erroneously announced."

After dinner, to which I was induced to remain, we were sitting in the parlor, when a loud knock on the front door caused a momentary flutter of excitement. Mr. Metford, who answered the summons, soon returned accompanied by the town marshal. Approaching me, and placing his ungloved hand upon my shoulder, he said:

"I want you."

"What do you want?"

"What right have you to want me, as you term it?"

He took up a paper and handed it to me. It was a warrant, arresting me on a charge of willfully and maliciously deceiving the people of Cremore. It was useless to resist, and although the old gentleman and his wife protested against such an indignity being imposed on a guest of their house, yet by the feelingless ruffian I was led away and lodged in jail.

The next day I was arraigned before a justice of the peace, who requested me to make a brief statement of how I came to town. I did so, telling him to the best of my recollection. I told him about losing my trunk, and I ventured to take to task a village that would stubbornly shut its eyes and allow the perpetration of such outrages. The town marshal swore that I did not come by rail that no train had come in since two days before that I had come in on a steamer, the "Farmer Boy"—the captain of which steamer was present—and that I had no trunk. The captain, a very gentlemanly fellow, arose and astonished me with the following statement:

"Just before leaving Little Rock, day before yesterday, this man, who calls himself Hockersmith, came to me and said that he would like to go up the river as far as Cremore; that he was employed by a St. Louis land corporation, and that as his baggage had somehow failed to arrive, he was without money. Of course I could not allow this story to affect me into the generous act of presenting the man a ticket, nor to tell him that he might take his own time in paying me; but I did tell him that he would be compelled to pay his passage in advance."

He declared that he had no money, but that if I would let him come up as a deck passenger, he would, upon reaching this place, get the money from a friend and pay me. It's only a small amount and I should not have mentioned it but for the fact that the marshal came down and asked me about the strange fellow."

"What have you to say concerning these statements?" asked the justice.

"Nothing, only that they are not true," I replied. "As I tell you, I came here by rail, arriving yesterday morning."

"But no train arrived yesterday morning. Then I became indignant. 'All right, have it your own way,' said I. 'One man cannot stand up against so many. If I serve punishment, fine me and I will go on the rock pile or the convict farm and work it out.'"

"I don't exactly see how you have violated the law," replied the magistrate, looking at me with almost an expression of pity. "You have not obtained money by false pretenses."

"So far as his passage is concerned," remarked the steamboat man, "I am not anxious. I would not have him punished for that."

The town marshal shifted and twisted himself around in his chair. I could see that he did not like the change which had come over the court.

"Your honor," said he, "this man also made false statements to Mr. Bunch, proprietor of the hotel. He obtained board under false pretenses."

I understood him. He would urge charges against me merely to defend his own position.

"Judge," said a voice that I knew. Looking round, I saw Mr. Metford. "Every one waited for him to speak. I met Mr. Hockersmith at the hotel yesterday morning. On account of the wonderful resemblance which he bears to my son Norval—"

"Yes," replied the judge. "Poor Norval, I saw him buried."

"On account of that resemblance," continued Mr. Metford, "I invited Mr. Hockersmith to my house."

"I would stand good for the bill. So that change is wiped out."

"That's all very well, gentlemen," exclaimed the town marshal, "but we can't allow fellows to come in this way. I believe that a man should be punished for lying just the same as he ought to be for stealing. That's my ticket."

"I am glad to hear you speak so courageously," rejoined Mr. Metford. "You borrowed \$10 of me about three months ago, vowing that you would return the money within a week. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that you have had the money to bet, you have failed to keep your promise. Yes, it is a very good idea to punish men for lying, and now since you have reminded me of your untruthfulness, I think it would be well to act upon your conception of justice. Your honor, make me out a warrant of arrest, please."

For a time the marshal knew not what to say. His face grew red. "You all know me," he replied. "I am not a stranger. I didn't come here and try to beat any of you. I'll pay the \$10; don't fret about that. I don't think it right to hop on a man that's trying to protect the community against fraud. I've got nothing against this fellow and am willing to see him turned loose."

"I am glad to hear you say so," rejoined Mr. Metford. "You needn't make out the warrant, judge. Well, Mr. Hockersmith, turning to me, 'as there is nothing against you here, you will please accompany me home.'"

When we again went to the house, Mrs. Metford's lip trembled. They would not hear to my leaving them, so I remained all night. The next morning I awoke with a burning fever. Then I went into a state of delirium and for several weeks knew nothing. When I regained consciousness, my mind was so confused that I could not think. I knew that I talked incoherently, therefore I said but little.

One day while I was sitting in my room, a man was shown up by one of the servants. Mr. and Mrs. Metford were away from home, having gone over to a neighbor's house.

"Don't you know me?" said the man.

"I don't think that I ever saw you before," I replied.

He looked at me and smiled sadly.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean nothing offensive. You know Abe Catham?"

"Never heard of him."

"I am sorry, for I had hoped that you would recognize me."

"How can I recognize you, sir, when this is the first time we have ever met?"

He shook his head and muttered something which sounded like to me "poor fellow." Then he started me by saying:

"I have been your keeper for years."

"My keeper?"

"Yes; I am connected with the Missouri Insane Asylum."

"I don't dispute your position as keeper, but can assure you that I have never seen the institution. I am a St. Louis land man."

"Let me tell you something which has just come to light. You were wounded at the battle of Antietam."

"Shiloh."

"At Antietam. You and a young Virginian, who to some extent resembled you—a man named Hockersmith—fell close to

each other. In the report of the killed and wounded, you were put down on the dead list and this man Hockersmith was reported to be wounded. You had been struck by a piece of shell and was upon recovery of a wound, found to be hopelessly insane. You went to Richmond, but your supposed relatives spurned you, so I have heard, and after wandering around, you went to Missouri and was placed in an insane asylum where you remained until a few weeks ago when you escaped. Your name, I have learned is Norval Metford and I have come to tell your parents, after satisfying myself that it is you."

The room began to turn around. The man's voice sounded away off at a great distance. He seemed to be shouting, but I could not catch his words. Then some one dressed in red tight breeches, came in and danced on the back of a chair. A blacksmith led in a horse and began to shoe him. His bellows roared and his anvil rang so loud that I had to put my fingers in my ears. His fire began to gradually darken and, with a sudden puff it went out, leaving me in a blackness of atmosphere. I groped around, but could find no opening in the wall. I cried aloud for a lamp and I cursed the blacksmith for allowing his fire to go out with such a cruel puff. Crawling around on my hands and knees, I found a match. I kissed it. I pressed it to my heart. "Thank God!" I cried. "Thank God that once more there shall be light in the world!" Tears streamed down from my eyes. I tried to light the match. The tears dampened it, and with the feeblest little glow, it died away, leaving me in despair. I heard a voice, low and sweet.

"Who are you?" I asked.

A tear fell on my forehead, and clapping my hands, I turned my face upward.

"Those tears are those falling on me?" I cried. The voice, soft and sweet, sang, but the tears continued to fall. "Oh, can you not give me a lamp?" I cried in agony. "Something touched me. It was a lamp, cold and dark, but I hugged it close to me and took care lest my tears should fall upon it. I placed it on the floor and with my hands clasped around it. I lay down and prayed. A feeble little gleam flickered between my fingers. The lamp grew warm. I removed my hands. The little blaze flickered, and then yes, oh, glories of heaven, then—came a grand burst of light, a flood of magnificent illumination. I lay on a bed. The sun shone into the room. A face—my mother's face was bowed over me. "Thank God!" she exclaimed and encircled my neck with her loving arms. My father was there, too, looking upon me.

"There, dear," said my mother, "keep very quiet. For weeks you have hovered between life and death."

I closed my eyes and warm recollections poured over me. I could remember it all; how I felt that dear home and went into the army.

I am sitting in my room looking out on the grassy slope where I played so many years ago. There is the old tree where I used to swing in the cool shade. I hear my mother singing in the sitting room. They say my father laughs again, as he did when I was a boy. Those old people are in a heaven of happiness. The physician says that in a few days from now I can resume the business of life. Can anyone doubt the

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